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## STENDHAL—A STUDY.

BY COUNT LÜTZOW, PH.D.

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MR. GEORGE MOORE has enriched the English language by his discovery of the "Balzacians." "All interesting men," he writes, "are Balzacians. The moment a man is an admirer of Balzac, a sort of freemasonry is established between us." The admirers of Stendhal, fewer in number, but perhaps men of deeper thought, also, I think, deserve a special designation. The name of "Stendhalians" should be applied to the "happy few" to whom Stendhal, foreseeing that he would never achieve general popularity, sometimes dedicated his works.

It is not difficult to account for the limited popularity of Stendhal. Optimism is either innate in humanity, or has become so as a result of the education of countless generations on what may be called optimist lines. There is, therefore, something in Stendhal's works that must appear antipathetic to many. Stendhal is always enlarging on the spiteful and cruel tricks which fate, in a fanciful fashion, plays on humanity. Paul Bourget has noted, in one of those clever studies which he wrote before he had found the way to Damascus, that Beyle prophesied that he would be read about the year 1880, and that that prophecy had proved true. A reaction has taken place since Bourget wrote the "*Etudes de Psychologie Contemporaine*" in 1885. The latest French writers on the subject of Stendhal—a subject that will always be discussed afresh—have judged him somewhat unfavorably. To disparage Stendhal, it has been stated that he was not of his own time, that he belonged to the eighteenth century, and that his views and manner of writing reminded the reader of Rétif de la Bretonne and Laclos. These arbitrary classifications have little value, and it could be affirmed with equal truth that Stendhal was in some matters in advance of his time, and occa-

sionally almost prophetic. Thus Stendhal has in Julien Sorel created the type of the modern *révolté*—one could almost say “anarchist.” Dostoyevsky’s Rozkolnikov and the hero of Bourget’s “*Le Disciple*” are direct descendants of Julien Sorel.

One of the most recent French writers on Stendhal has accused him of being rather “an explorer of the middle and lower classes than an observer of the human heart.” This view appears to me incorrect. Stendhal’s great endeavor was to explore the byways of psychology; such studies are least feasible in an environment in which conventionality has almost effaced individuality. It should be stated, however, that, both in the “*Chartreuse de Parme*” and in “*Le Rouge et le Noir*,” we meet with counts, marquises, dukes—and even reigning princes.

If we wish to attempt to fathom Stendhal’s enigmatical nature, it is necessary to acquire some knowledge of the events of his life. This is not an easy task, for though Beyle was very fond of writing of himself, he had a mischievous desire of concealing his identity; thence the numerous strange pseudonyms which he adopted.

Stendhal, or rather Henry Beyle, was born at Grenoble in 1783. His youth was unhappy; and, undoubtedly, early recollections largely contributed to produce the bitterness and the hatred for all generally accepted institutions, which marked Beyle throughout his life. Beyle’s father seems from the first to have disliked his eccentric son. We constantly find the echo of these family discords in Stendhal’s works. Though the older Beyle was a rich lawyer, he seems to have kept his son in a state of financial dependence. As late as 1803 Stendhal writes in his diary:

“In spite of the distress in which my cruel\* father leaves me, I am none the less contented. Mr. J. J. called on me to claim the 25 francs which I owe him, and cannot repay, having but the three francs that Crozet lent me.”

The early reminiscences of an unhappy home mark a man’s life to a greater extent than is generally imagined. The detestable fathers of Julien Sorel in the “*Le Rouge et le Noir*” and of the imaginary traveller in “*Les Mémoires d’un Touriste*” are reminiscences of the youth of their creator. It is also certain that Stendhal was not of a conciliatory nature in his dealings with his family. Thus we are told that, when the news of the

\* I have softened down the epithet employed by Stendhal.

execution of Louis XVI reached Grenoble, young Beyle rejoiced, while his family, who were royalists, wept bitterly.

In the French revolution and the wars that followed it Stendhal, like so many others, found an opening, a way to escape, from the dulness and depression of home life. The Beyles were related to the Daru family, one of whose members became a Count during the Empire. Though Count Daru does not appear to have approved of his eccentric relation and Stendhal himself generally writes rather ill-naturedly of the Darus, it was through their influence that he obtained employment in the French army in Italy. Then only seventeen years old, he crossed the St. Bernard two days after Napoleon, and was first under fire at the Fort du Bard and—suspicious as he always was—he appears to have feared that his extreme youth might cause his comrades to doubt his courage. He, therefore, displayed the most reckless bravery; no doubt he also hoped that danger would give him one of the new sensations which he always craved. He was disappointed, and in the evening asked himself, "*N'est ce que cela?*" As Mr. Rod has truly stated, these words, "*N'est ce que cela,*" were to Stendhal always the melancholy refrain, the "*Leit-motif,*" of his varied experiences.

Shortly after the skirmish at the Fort du Bard, Stendhal arrived at Milan. During his first stay at the capital of Lombardy, he appears already to have acquired that passionate love for Milan which never left him, and which is commemorated on his tombstone. Love and war were then his only ideals, and to a great extent remained so. Their world-old association constantly meets us in Stendhal. Alluding to this aspect of the great writer, Mr. Maurice Hewlett has strikingly written of Julien Sorel—Stendhal's greatest figure—that he was "a little Napoleon, whose Austerlitz was Mademoiselle de la Môle, and whose Moscow was Madame Rénal." It should, however, be stated in justice to Stendhal that in later life literature, music and painting greatly interested him. Except through hints scattered in Stendhal's own journals, we know little of his first stay at Milan, nor to what extent he himself acted the part of his "Lieutenant Robert" in the "*Chartreuse de Parme.*" He always made it a point of writing obscurely, and in a purposely misleading manner, of his love-affairs; this appears to me to be a proof of good taste, though the contrary view has often been expressed. Though war,

undoubtedly, had a great fascination for Stendhal—he was present at the Battle of Marengo, as well as at the skirmish of the Fort du Bard—his independent nature and his dislike of discipline and authority prevented his regularly pursuing a military career.

It is very difficult to gather a clear account of Stendhal's life from the books that have been written about him, and perhaps his own "*Journal*," "*Souvenir d'Egotisme*" and "*Mémoires d'un Touriste*" are our best authority. There is no doubt that, during the first years after leaving the army, he led what it is usual to call a Bohemian life. On his return to Paris, he formed part of a certainly entertaining, though probably somewhat disreputable, little society, which mainly consisted of actors and actresses and civil and military employees of Napoleon's government. The centre of this little group was—at least according to Stendhal's view,—the actress Mélanie Guibert, whom with his usual mania for mystification he calls "Louason."

The part of Stendhal's journal that belongs to this point, which Mr. Kazimir Stryenski has, with marvellous accuracy, transcribed from the original manuscript at Grenoble, is of the deepest interest and throws what may be called a search-light on the mind of Beyle. The manner in which youthful hopefulness and the idealization so natural to a very young man alternate with the jealousy and distrustfulness which were natural to Stendhal, and had been yet increased by the incidents of an unhappy childhood, is very interesting. The annals of this "vicious idyll," as it has been happily called, are well worth reading in Stendhal's journal; very characteristic is the general maxim which he based on this, his first serious, experience of love. He writes: "The worst of all mistakes to which the knowledge of womanhood leads us is never to love for fear of being dupes." In spite of these wise reflections, Stendhal appears to have felt a true passion for Mélanie; and, when her theatrical duties called her to Marseilles, he followed her there. On hearing of this, old Beyle stopped supplies, and his son was for a short time obliged to earn a precarious living by acting as an assistant in a shop. Stendhal has suppressed this incident in his generally very outspoken journal.

Fortunately for Stendhal, and unfortunately for his fortunate rival, the "divine Mélanie" entirely gave up the young and impecunious Beyle shortly after their visit to Marseilles, to follow a Russian who eventually married her. Stendhal does not appear

to have regretted her as much as his former ecstatic adoration of Louason would lead one to expect.

Through Count Daru, he obtained an appointment in the commissariat of the *grande armée*. He seems to have acquitted himself successfully in discharging his new duties, and to have even won the approval of Napoleon himself by raising by a million the contribution which the town of Brunswick was ordered to pay into the French army chest during the Prussian campaign of 1806. Unfortunately, the part of Stendhal's journal that dealt with this campaign has been lost; but we have his interesting account of the next of Napoleon's innumerable wars, the campaign against Austria in 1809. The twenty-sixth part of the journal contains a description of the invasion of Austria in that year. As a proof of Stendhal's extreme cautiousness, it is interesting to quote the strange note that he has prefixed to this part of his diary. He writes:

"For prudence' sake I will write nothing, firstly, of the events; secondly, of our political relations to Germany, and particularly to Prussia, which is stupid enough not to attack us; thirdly, of Dom's\* relations to the greatest of men.†

"This a journal which only *purposes* to observe myself and has no interest for others. For the sake of prudence, nothing about politics; all the names to be changed. I notice only the observations about myself."‡

The twenty-sixth part of the diary, to which Stendhal, whose perverse love for writing bad English never forsook him, has given the undertitle, "The Life and Sentiments of Silencious [*sic*] Harry,"§ treats of the writer's stay in Vienna after that town had been occupied by the French. These reminiscences of warfare are sometimes very vivid. Thus he writes from Enns:

"While walking up and down, I continued to admire the situation of Lombach. I said to myself: 'This is the most interesting sight I have ever viewed in my life.' Seeing some guns that were pointed at the monastery, I said to Lacombe: 'Nothing is wanting here except a fire and an attack of the enemy.'"

\* One of Stendhal's many pseudonyms. At that time he sometimes assumed the name of "Dominico Vismara."

† Napoleon.

‡ The last two words are in English in the original.

§ Thus written in English by Stendhal.

Stendhal's wish was destined to be promptly gratified. Only a few lines later he writes:

"We went home and slept on chairs in the commander's house; we then supped and again fell asleep. At two o'clock, there is some talk of starting. I notice a strong light behind one of the houses. I say to myself: 'This is a very bright bivouac.' The light and the smoke increase. It is obvious that there is a fire. I watch the confusion caused by the fire in all its gradations—first, the tranquillity of sleep, and, at last, the clatter of the hoofs of the transport horses, which were galloping to the meeting-place from all directions."

Stendhal writes somewhat later:

"On arriving at the bridge at Ebersberg, we find corpses of men and horses; thirty were still on the bridge. It had been necessary to throw a great many into the river, which is very wide here; in the middle of the river, four hundred feet under the bridge, a horse stood upright and quite immovable—a singular effect."

It will be seen that Stendhal, like Tolstoy, who has expressed great admiration for his great predecessor, gathered on the battlefield the materials for his incomparable battlepieces.

Stendhal's last experience of war was during the Russian campaign of 1812. The part of his journal which described this campaign and the retreat from Moscow has, unfortunately, been lost. He appears here also to have practised that indifference to his surroundings and that constant introspection which—originally, probably, an affectation—had become second nature to him. In a passage of "*L'Amour*" he wrote thus of one of the characters—who, as usual, is largely modelled on the author:

"He let the day of the fall of Napoleon, which meant ruin, pass by without frowning. Then, as in Russia, he was surprised not to feel anything; he had indeed never been sufficiently afraid of anything in life to think about it for two days."

The fall of Napoleon, indeed, meant ruin for Stendhal. Though the government of the Bourbons—whom he detested—offered him employment, he decided to retire entirely from political life and seek refuge in his beloved Milan. His devotion to the fallen Emperor, to whom he dedicated his "*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*," should be noted, as Stendhal has often been accused of selfishness and heartlessness.

It was in the sympathetic atmosphere of Milan that he first

appeared as an author. The interest in literature, art and music that had always been dormant within him now awoke.

It is impossible to write of Stendhal without referring to his love-affairs, both successful and unsuccessful. At Milan, a renewed feeling of affection for Signora P——, whom he had known when he was almost a boy during his first stay at Milan, entirely absorbed him. Though the name is well known in Italy, it is, perhaps, even after the lapse of a century, well to imitate Stendhal's discretion. It is sufficient to say that the lady was the original of the Contessa Pietranera in the "*Chartreuse de Parme*." The first book that Stendhal published was a life of Haydn. "*Rome, Naples et Florence*," "*L'Amour*" and the "*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie*" rapidly followed. Of these three books, the two first-named are little more than continuations of his journal, which he now ceased to keep.

If it was possible for Stendhal to be happy, he was so when staying at Milan—a town whose charm he never could forget. His autobiographic writings—and most of his books are to a greater or lesser degree autobiographic—at this time constantly insist on the contrast between the stiffness, conventionality and insincerity of French life, and the freedom, individualism and artistic feeling of Milan. There is, no doubt, much truth in this; but it is easy to perceive that Stendhal, to a great extent, attributed to local circumstances that feeling of relief that all experience who have held official positions and suddenly find themselves "gentlemen at large."

At any rate, nobody will quarrel with Stendhal for preferring the company of the poets and singers whom he met at Milan to that of the Napoleonic officials, whose brutality and dishonesty he has so graphically described. Very interesting is his account of his meeting with Byron at the Scala Theatre. He writes:

"One evening we saw at the Scala a young man enter the box (of Monsignor Louis de Brème), who was rather short, and had magnificent eyes. When he stepped to the front of the box, we noticed that he limped slightly. Monsignor de Brème said to us: 'Gentlemen! Lord Byron.' He then named us to his Lordship. This was done with as much ceremony as the grandfather of Monsignor de Brème, who was ambassador of Savoy at the court of Louis XIV, would have shown."

Stendhal, who apparently considered Lord Byron responsible to some extent for the then recent deportation of Napoleon to



St. Helena, at first treated the poet with great reserve. He writes: "My determination to remain on very cold terms no doubt accounts for the fact that, after a few days, Lord Byron showed me proofs of great kindness." After describing a conversation, at the Scala, on the British policy, he continues:

"All those who were present in the box thought that, after this discussion, which had been very sharp, though I had behaved in a very civil and even respectful manner, Lord Byron would never speak to me again. But, on the following day, he took my arm, and walked with me through the enormous, solitary passages of the Scala. I was charmed by his kindness, but I was mistaken.\* Lord Byron wished to ask a hundred questions of one who had been an eye-witness of the Russian campaign. He wanted to reach the truth by trying to put me out of countenance; in fact, I underwent a cross-examination.† I did not then notice it. That night I read 'Childe Harold' with wild delight. I loved Lord Byron."

It would be very tempting to linger over Stendhal's Italian impressions, but want of space prevents my doing so; besides, Stendhal will always—and rightly—be known mainly as the author of "*Le Rouge et le Noir*" and "*La Chartreuse de Parme*." The almost exaggerated caution of Stendhal did not, in the long run, enable him to escape the suspicion of Metternich's police at Milan. He was obliged to leave the Austrian territory and went to Paris, where he remained almost continuously up to the year 1830, which brought another great change in his career. Though he produced other works at this time, it is the famous "*Le Rouge et le Noir*" that marks this period in the life of Beyle. The impress of the clerical-Bourbon rule, which Stendhal hated, is traceable in every line of the book.

Few novels, perhaps, have caused so much controversy; few that had but a moderate success when they appeared—though it is a mistake to believe that "*Le Rouge et le Noir*" was a failure at first—have had so much influence on later generations, have found so many blind admirers. The story itself is very simple, and is told with almost affected simplicity. The hero, Julien Sorel, is the son of "Father Sorel as he is called, now that he is a man of means,"‡ who is the owner of a sawmill.

\* The note of true Stendhalian distrust is discernible here.

† The last words are in English in the original.

‡ Here, as in future, I quote the excellent translation of "*Le Rouge et le Noir*," by E. T. Robins.

Julien, who is ill-treated by his father and brothers, succeeds in obtaining a certain amount of learning, particularly a considerable knowledge of Latin, by means of his friendship with the Abbé Chelan. Enemy of the church of Rome—I had almost written "*mangeur de prêtres*"—though Stendhal was, he has succeeded in giving a striking and sympathetic portrait of this priest. Julien's only other friend and instructor was an old army surgeon, who had taken part in the Napoleonic wars, which are his only subject of conversation, the "*Bulletins de la Grande Armée*" being his gospel.

Poor and unhappy at home, Julien gladly accepts the suggestion that he should become tutor to the children of M. de Rénal, who is mayor of the imaginary town of Verrières, which Stendhal has created as a *milieu* for his tale. Julien soon attracts the attention of Madame de Rénal, who hitherto "had thought that M. de Rénal was much less tiresome than the other men of her acquaintance," and had "always regarded the passions, as we regard the lottery—an investment from which fools alone expect a fortune." Julien at first is very timid and reproaches himself severely. "I am wanting in resolution," he says; "I should have made a poor soldier to serve under Napoleon." He seeks comfort in reading the Napoleonic bulletins, which his old friend the army surgeon had left him. Inspired by them, he finally declares his love to Madame de Rénal. During this whole "campaign," the question, "*Qu'aurait fait Napoléon?*" constantly occurs to Julien. Similarly, when later in the book he is preparing to scale the window of Mathilde de la Môle's room, he seeks courage by looking at a bust of Richelieu. The chiselled features seemed turned on him sternly, as if reproaching him for the lack of that audacity so natural to the French character. "In your time, great man, should I have hesitated!"

This habit, amounting to mania, of introducing events of history or fiction into the lives of his heroes with which they have no apparent connection is intensely Stendhalian. Such a line of thought is undoubtedly morbid, but it is not so impossible as it seems to some. It is also, perhaps, more frequent among those of later generations, than among Stendhal's contemporaries. It is indeed almost a truism to state that all great works of fiction have to a certain extent moulded the minds of men and women of later generations, particularly when they read them in their

youth. An example to the point occurs to me. An English friend has told me that, some years ago, his name had—though unjustly—been entangled in a divorce case that was then creating a great sensation. My friend's social position appeared endangered, and he determined to go to Paris for a short time. There, at the Hôtel Régina, near the Louvre, my friend, who is very Stendhalian, almost forgot his troubles while studying the masterpieces of the neighboring gallery. He had not brought many of his books, and therefore depended to a great extent on the scanty library of the hotel. This library contained Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; and, as so often happens, when one repeatedly reads a work of genius, the book became an obsession to him. One evening, when returning from a walk, he bought an English paper, and the words, "The — divorce," stared him in the face. Immediate and decisive action was necessary. My friend tells me that that evening Thackeray's words, "The enemy has passed the Sambre, and our left is already engaged; come away; we march in three hours," haunted him.

To return to Julien, it should be mentioned that he left the house of the Rénals shortly after this, his first, love-affair. He first went to Besançon, to continue there his preparations for an ecclesiastical career. Julien's life at the seminary is described with great *finesse*, but we must always remember that we are reading the work of an enemy of the Church of Rome.

"Julien," Stendhal writes, "vainly endeavored to reduce himself mentally and physically to the level of his associates; he could not please; he was too different." Finally, through priestly influence, Julien obtains the position of private secretary to the Marquis de la Môle, a great landowner, who, for some ill-defined political purpose, spends a large part of the year in Paris; for even in fiction Stendhal maintains his appearance of secrecy. Julien soon attracts the attention of Mademoiselle Mathilde de la Môle, the marquis's daughter; she is certainly one of the strangest, though probably not to many one of the most sympathetic, characters in fiction. Mathilde de la Môle is one of the few figures in history or romance who have found what may almost be called passionate lovers. The strange mixture of pedantry, sensuality and half-despair which constitutes her personality is very difficult to analyze, and I do not attempt a task in which great French authors, who have written of Stendhal, have failed.

It is only possible to outline her character by quoting some of Stendhal's most striking notes concerning Mathilde, who was evidently his favorite heroine. Thus he tells us that "Mathilde's handsome eyes, instinct with the profoundest ennui and, what was still worse, the despair of ever finding pleasure more in life, fell on Julien"; and that she "looked forward to the future, not with terror—that was a more pronounced sentiment than comported with her nature—but with a disgust rare in one so young."

"*Le Rouge et le Noir*" is so well known that it seems superfluous to give a full account of Stendhal's romance. It is agreed that Julien shall marry Mathilde, and the marquis has undertaken to insure his career. At the last moment, everything is overthrown by a clerical intrigue. On the advice of her confessor, Madame de Rénal writes a letter to the Marquis de la Môle, informing him that "Julien is entirely devoid of religious principles, and that it is a settled policy with him to secure a foothold in a family by trying to seduce the woman whose credit there is greatest." A despairing letter of Mathilde reaches Julien at Strasburg, where, through the influence of the Marquis de la Môle, he has obtained an appointment as officer in a cavalry regiment. Julien hurries to Paris, where he has an interview with Mademoiselle de la Môle, who shows him Madame de Rénal's letter. He now starts immediately for Verrières, finds Madame de Rénal in church, and fires two pistol-shots at her, wounding her severely. Julien is arrested, tried, convicted and decapitated.

The end of the book is very Stendhalian. During the time that Julien had been employed as secretary at the Hôtel de la Môle, he had noticed that Mathilde appeared at dinner one day in deep mourning. He questioned one of the guests, who answered: "Is it possible that you are ignorant of what occurred on the Place de la Grève on April 30th, 1574?" Julien is then told that on that day one of Mathilde's ancestors, Boniface de la Môle, the handsomest young man of his day, had been decapitated. He had been the adored lover of Queen Marguerite of Navarre, and had attempted to rescue from prison the Duc d'Alençon and the King of Navarre, afterwards King Henry IV—the husband of his mistress—who had both been imprisoned by order of Catherine de Médici. The attempt failed and Boniface was decapitated. "But what most impressed Mathilde de la Môle," Stendhal writes, "in that political catastrophe was the behavior of Queen Mar-

guerite, who witnessed her lover's death from the window of a house in the Place de la Grève, and sent her women to beg his head from the executioner. The following night, on the stroke of twelve, she took the head in her carriage, and buried it in person in a little chapel at the foot of the Montmartre hill."

Mathilde resolves similarly to honor her own lover after death. She persuades Fouqué to obtain her lover's corpse for her:

"'I wish to see him,' she said. Fouqué had not the courage to speak or to rise. He pointed to an ample blue mantle spread upon the floor. Its folds covered all that remained of Julien.

"She sank to her knees. Doubtless, the remembrance of Boniface de la Mole inspired her with more than human courage. . . . When Fouqué ventured to look in her direction, she had placed Julien's head on a small marble-topped table, and, kneeling before it, was kissing the cold brow. . . . She followed her lover's remains to the tomb."

The year 1830, the year in which "*Le Rouge et le Noir*" appeared, greatly influenced Stendhal's life. The Bourbon rule which he detested came to an end, and the reign of Louis Philippe—welcomed by Stendhal, as by so many others, as the dawn of freedom—began. Stendhal believed that "*la liberté de la presse et les deux chambres*"—his favorite demands—would now be obtained. Stendhal's political views have often puzzled his readers; but his strange combination of blind admiration for Napoleon and intense desire for popular liberty was not as strange in the period between 1815 and 1830 as it would appear now. Besides, Stendhal was, above all, an enemy of the Church of Rome; one who had had the courage to imprison a Pope was sure to secure his sympathy. The new government at last raised Stendhal from his precarious position. He was appointed consul at Cività Vecchia in the Papal States, and remained there with short interruptions up to his death in 1842. In his last years, he tired even of his beloved Italy. "*J'ai trop vu le Soleil*," he is reported to have said frequently during his last years. Still, some of his best works belong to this his last stay in Italy. Of these the "*Chartreuse de Parme*" is the best known. I must plead guilty to considering it vastly inferior to the "*Rouge et le Noir*," of which it is to a certain extent a counterpart. It is devoid of the energy—Stendhal's favorite word—of the earlier book. Of the other writings of this period, a series of Italian sketches—afterwards published jointly under the name of "*Chroniques Italiennes*"—de-

serve notice. One of these tales, "*L'Abesse de Castro*," ranks among Stendhal's finest works. It was first published in 1839 in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" under the pseudonym of "F. de Lagenais." It records the loves of the *condottiere* Julien Branciforte and Elena di Campireali. Branciforte is obliged to fly, and enlists as a volunteer in the Spanish army—the scene is placed in the Neapolitan Kingdom. Elena becomes a nun and eventually Abbess of her convent. She believes Julien to have been killed in Mexico, and becomes faithless to his memory. Discovering that he is still alive, she resolves to die; but, before doing so, writes to him one of the most pathetic letters that a woman has ever written to a man. She then visits Ugone, an old friend of Branciforte. She finds him asleep and is thus able to obtain possession of his dagger. She then awakes him and asks him to deliver her letter to his friend. Guessing its contents, he hesitates to do so. "Madam," he says, "have you reflected on what you are doing? The Signor Julio loves you so much." "I, also," she answers, "love him; take the letter and carry it to him yourself." "Well, may God bless you who are so good!" Ugone said to the Abbess. Then, Stendhal says, "Ugone went away and returned very shortly; he found Elena dead; his dagger had pierced her heart."

Nietzsche, perhaps the last of the great German philosophers, has written of Stendhal that, of all Frenchmen of his century, he was the one whose eyes and ears had been richest in thought. Long before I had read these lines I had noticed Stendhal's influence on Nietzsche. There is common to both that admiration for the Italian Renaissance when an "overman"—be it a Pope's son, like Cesare Borgia, or a *condottiere*, a brigand, such as Branciforte—could and did overrule the ordinary laws of humanity. When Count Mosca, in the "*Chartreuse de Parme*," asks Clelia Conti whether she has "enough wit to despise her father," and when Julien Sorel, on the eve of death, remarks of his father—who embraced him only after he found that he was leaving a little money—"This, then, is paternal love!" we find ourselves in those weird regions which Nietzsche has described as "*Jenseits des Guten und Bösen*."

A French writer on Stendhal has briefly summed up his career in these words: "He loved much and he wrote much; therefore, much should be forgiven to him." I do not think that I can improve on this verdict.

LUTZOW.